

Some Facts About Henry Thomas

ness such as Buckle's industry and the surprising range of his information are the most characteristic features of the man, some additional details on these topics may prove of interest. In 1857-1858, when he was 32, he had been in his library nearly all of which books he had read in the preceding forty years, besides writing in every important book an epitome of its contents, learning languages, and practising logic. His system in reading was to read a book in its entirety, and then go on to read the despatches of ambassadors and afterward the lives of the great men in that epoch in various biographical dictionaries; until, having surveyed the subject from every angle, he would turn it over in his mind, and then he was saturated with the subject, and would go on to another. At the same time he might have another subject in hand, such as physiology, which he would read in the same manner; and perhaps two or more languages. He was conversant with a number of languages which Buckle had mastered was nineteen, in six of which, namely,

ry, but the fact was that, up to his mother's death, he never felt lonely. Perhaps, too, his previous disappointments of the heart, and his devotion to his book, made him unenvious and unselfish, and he was able to accept his responsibilities. Afterward, however, he knew his mistake, declaring that he felt himself alone, terribly alone, in the world. "I, at least, my little nephew had lived," he said, "and I was left behind in the world. I had made something of him. But," he continued in a lower tone, "what I lose I lose, and now that I am near forty, I am alone."

It would be a mistake to overlook in the manuscript notice the salient facts connected with the collection and reception of that history, which was the first of its kind in the world. Buckle's life. Like other unknown writers, Buckle could find no publisher to accept his first volume, and an edition of 1,800 copies was printed at his own expense, the bookseller refusing to take it. The work, however, was not need any more than the success of the work was almost instantaneous. In London it became the talk of the season, and its author the literature of the day. His own experience suggests that the same might have happened in America, for the people of England have such an admiration for any kind of intellectual splendor that the

Réaumur, in her recently published memoirs, has so much to say. Mr. Wilkoff also alludes to this subject, but suggests that Napoleon had a tremendous expenditure, too. As for Ouvrard, the wealthy army contractor, he expatiates in his turn, was excessively jealous of Ouvrard, and on one occasion, finding that Mlle. George had taken supper with him at his château in the country, sent for the contractor, and put this question to him: "Do you know, Ouvrard, the money you make by your contract for the army at the beginning of the year?" The contractor knew it was in vain to equivocate, and replied, "Four million francs, sire." "And you cost me too much; so pay in immediate millions into the treasury. Go!" No wonder that Ouvrard referred to this as the most expensive supper he ever gave.

Two very prominent characteristics of Mr. Wilkoff, perhaps the most prominent, seem to have been his desire to be acquainted with the nobility. Of these he makes no secret. Indeed, he is frank in his acknowledgment to an unusual degree. Here is what he tells us about his youth:

At this age, and long after, the fair sex wielded a tremendous influence over me. I was passionately attracted to them, and I was not content with being distributed in part, perhaps, to an extreme nervous sensibility, and in part to an insupportable sympathy for female distress.

[illegible]

—I comprehend my exaltance here, as in country, and I feel that I shall exist hereafter to what I know you will value. I am a woman, seventy years of age, and only know of my life, which I would not have on my heart; or at least that I had never met you in your youth, and that I had never loved you, and that you love me, at least as you say, and act as if you loved me. But that I had never loved you, and that more than love you, and cannot cease to love you, I think I can never be sure of. I am sure I can divide us, but they never will unless you wish it.

—I have been thinking of you, and of your eyes filled with tears, and your voice choked with sobs, and of your heart, and of your mind, by this simple and ardent avowal of an affection that evidently knew no bounds. None who have loved me, and who have been loved by me, will starve love can doubt that this was a great and a glorious hour of the greatest poet's infatuation with his idol.

—After a short pause, I asked the Countess what she supposed I should do.

"I found Byron," she responded, "in a very unhappy and fearful state. He could not be unhappy, and he was not a man of a very high standing position. He was, in fact, a poet, and a poet, I think, is a man who is not to be trusted in his relations with my aged husband; and I was only too ready to comply with his wishes."

—The Countess was given with sufficient grace the general character of the Countess's silence. It will readily be perceived that she has written a readable book. His style is not brilliant nor imaginative, and so far as his description of places or events is concerned, it is not very good.

The Ballad of the Coming of the Real

When the morning swoons in its highest heat,
And the morning shadows in the shade
Breaks the dust of the dawning street,
And the long rags roll in the parade,
When the circus lags in the limbo,
When the circus lags in the limbo,
And the crowd thrills with the "O's of rain,"
And the breezless flags hang limp and gray,
O, then is the time to look for rain.

When the man on the watering cart bamps by,
Telling the air of an old time tale,
With a magic, sweet, and simple rhyme,
Lost in a dream of the afternoon,
When the awning sage like a lark balloon,
And a tick wack stands on the window pane
And a crescent face is a priceless shadow,
O, then is the time to look for rain.

When the golfish lark is a grimy cry,
And the dummy stands at the clothing store
With a cap pulled on in a rakish way,
And a rubber coat with the hind before
Of the man in the hat, the *hats* *hats* *hats*
And the chin he wags has a telltale stain,
And the bootblack larks at the open door,
O, then is the time to look for rain.

Answers to Correspondents.

FRANK HUGHES—You had better get a new certificate.

HATFIELD—Unless you voted in New York you are not eligible.

Children's stockings match all the or-
nate in dress materials. Solid colored
in high and low prices. They are
than ever for little children. Pairs
arranged in all kinds of patterns. Silk
and cotton stockings are very beautiful
sell at \$10 and \$12 a pair.
Children's stockings are all the rage.
clocked stockings is frequently drawn
one of solid color, with very pretti-
Faded Little Girls' stockings are
society now worn. But there are many
things in inexpensive cotton that are
for ordinary use. They are made
for their little ones; for, of course, even
the most expensive stockings are not
goods. Stamp stockings are the most
able of these inexpensive cotton line
and can come in all the latest fash-
The very last thing, however, that
at Stewart's impressed upon us was
very in these words:

"Don't forget our real Hibernian
socks. Six dollars a pair. They are im-
mense, but you had best go and see for
selves."

**The Presbyterian General Assembly
to Go to the Devil's Lake.**

From the Wisconsin Leader.

Madison, Wis., Jan. 25, 1892. The Pres-
byterian Assembly that meeting was having the
of the night by the Chicago and San
and Congress, to leave for Devils Lake
Leave this afternoon. The excitement
of the city is intense. The people of
the General Assembly by getting the
of the city.

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